

HOW DOES IT LOOK

"How does it look?" Long leagues away
Some one sits in the evening gloom
Musing alone; his fancies stray
To one much-loved face, to a well-known room.
"How does it look?" that smooth young brow,
Those soft blue eyes which the teardrops dim:
Does she not think of the wanderer now?
Are not her thoughts away with him?

Christmas, as through life they go,
Will it thus be always so?
Will there be for every one
Prizes rich, and blanks for none,
In life's lottery as in thine,
Upon which the tapers shine?
Christmas, tell me, will it be
Then, as now, upon thy tree?

OUR GOT 9 GLOBE

The result of this abnegation of the time-honored rights of sisters-in-law was, that while Guy lived we all carried on the war merrily and happily; and when Guy died, we decided that it would be very hard for the two who were left to part. She was alone in the world, and I was virtually, though not nominally, alone too. There was an uncle of my mother's alive.

"Do you really think I had better, Helen?"

She nodded, and laughed.

"Yes, really, for several reasons; one is, that you are so young."

greens, whose brightly polished leaves broke the straight line of the bottoms of all the lower windows. To the right other large iron gates gave access to a broad lawn encircled with higher shrubs. To the left a wide flight of steps led away to the gardens. The stables and other

Then, as I half rose (not quite knowing what to do, fearing nervously that I should commit

Ed, beginning to be intensely interested in the romance which had commenced (for me) at outside the railway station.

The accident was, in some nameless way, made further me in the family, if I may use such expression. She had "enjoyed her ride immensely," she said, before she was questioned concerning it, "enjoyed her ride immensely," as